

# THE ARTGUM

Massachusetts Normal  
Art School



FEBRUARY 1923

*W. H. B. 1923*





# Joseph Rodever DeCamp

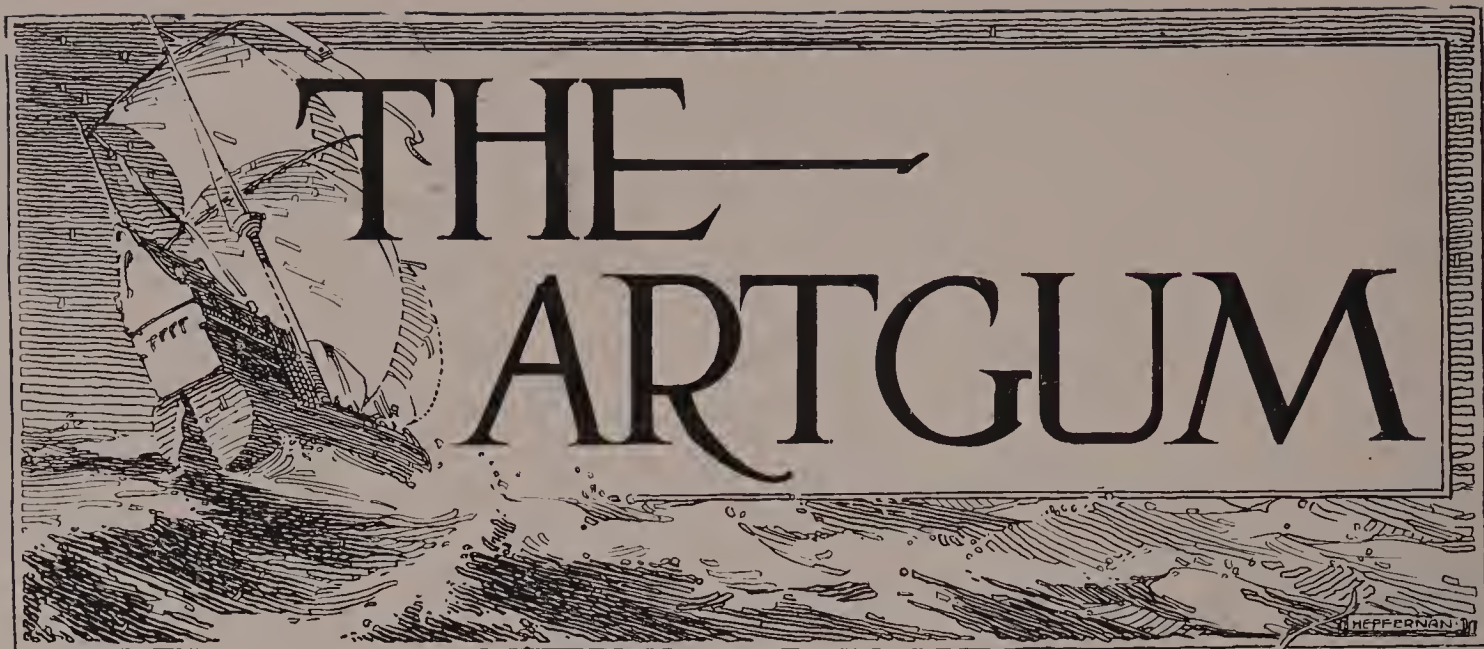
In the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. DeCamp on Sunday morning, February 11th, following his remarkable recovery in the early fall from a most severe operation, the world of art suffers a serious loss. ....

But to the school the loss is irreparable for he combined those rare qualities of a great painter and a great teacher — a painter who marvellously depicted character, a teacher who skilfully molded it. With keen perception, quiet suggestion and criticism and sensitive understanding, coupled with brilliant technique,

— he was truly

## A Master

His guiding hand, his ideals and his spirit will always continue to live in the new and better school.



VOL. 1

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NO. 3

## The Business of Art

*Vesper L. George*

The time is rapidly approaching when many of you who read this will be facing the problem so many of us have faced before you: "How can I exchange my art training for money?" Whether you desire to become a teacher, or intend to produce a marketable article in the shape of a design or a portrait, your problem is much the same.

Finding a market for your wares is quite independent of the knowledge you have gained. You may be well equipped, and yet find it a long and tedious process. But the chance exists, you may be sure. Never lose sight of that for a moment. Hunt until you find your opening. You will meet many discouragements, and at times you may despair of ever accomplishing the thing you desire. When you find yourself inclined to do this, just remember that most, if not all, of those who have succeeded have had a hard fight in the beginning. If you stick it out, success will come. You may have to wait a long time. If you do, "hustle while you wait"; leave no stone unturned. Develop even the

least hopeful opportunity. If it does not prove to be of use, it may lead to something that will. Our best successes often arise from the least-expected sources. And when you have turned every stone, sit down and think of new things to do, and do them.

I remember visiting 115 out of a possible 125 lithographic offices before I received a sign of encouragement, and yet, in the end, after several months of weary work, I secured a position that paid me \$25 a week, besides having got into a new line of work which offered better opportunities and was more congenial to my taste than the one I left.

Unfortunately, merit is not the only requisite, nor are our rewards always in proportion to our deserts, at least in the beginning. One person can sell an inferior article, while another will have difficulty in disposing of a most excellent one. Have faith in your work. It is the best way to inspire others with the faith in it.

However we may wish it, we cannot always do the thing we most desire  
*continued on page 16*



# Editorial



## OUR ASSOCIATION

We who have formed the student Association are building the foundation on which we hope may rest the structure of an organization that will grow and make the name of the M. N. A. S. known through-out the country. You are a member of this association, one of the stones in the foundation. It is up to you to make the association develop into everything we wish it to be.

Let us bind together the various classes and the various school organizations so firmly that they will seem one, and each will lend support to the other. If we work together and take a keen interest in what our classmate is doing we can not help but make a success of each school activity. And we will add a strength to our school spirit that may not be shaken.

You owe it to yourself as well as your school to take pride not only in the educational developement of the school but in the school activities. Many of these activities open a way to further education and are just as much a part of your education as the daily work done in the studios. Unless you are in on these things you do not realize what a lot of pleasure you are missing.

Now is the time.....Let us get together in the spirit of one for all and all for one.

A man who is a rolling stone may not gather moss, but he should gather wisdom.

We usually know what is best for us. but the trouble is to persuade ourselves to do it.

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## FROST FANCIES

An invisible artist, by icy winds blown,  
Softly came to my window one  
night,  
And he painted a picture in which  
there was shown  
Every phase of a summer's delight.

As I turned to my casement, the morn's  
sun to greet,  
On this singular canvas of glass  
I saw he had painted a landscape,  
complete,  
From the sky to the dew laden grass.

A fair meadow, some rocks, and a  
woodland of frost  
And a miniature cataract, where  
Below at the window-sill margin 'twas  
lost  
In a billow of mist-laden air.

And the grasses they bent as though  
some warm wind blew,  
Till their heads touched the swift  
water-fall;  
And he'd sprinkled a cloudburst of  
diamond dew  
Made of icicle drops over all.

But alas, the bright sun shining outside  
my sill,  
For already begun was the day,—  
Came and glittered and glimmered and  
shimmered until  
The rare painting all vanished away.  
Rosalind M. Winslow, '25



1923

Mr. George is planning to conduct a party of six more design students to New York on February twenty-second. They will visit the Architectural League Exhibition and several others, and will remain in New York over the week end.

Incidentally, if any one is interested in "where the flies go in the winter time" Grace Price of the design section, can tell you.

Mildred Grady of the Teacher's Training Division is teaching at the Haverhill High School for a month.

The Fine Arts Class seems to be "still there" with their ambition even though they no longer find it necessary to get in at half past six for a chance at a place, somewhere near the model. The coveted place now comes to each member of the class, in alphabetical order. It seems to be the only way to prevent a couple of them from using the room as a dormitory. Out of eight members of the class, two attend night school four evenings a week, four others, two evenings.

The Class is using fat oil with turpentine, as a medium in oil painting. It is very satisfactory. You have wondered at the row of milk bottles in the studio? It is merely the result of another kind of fixative for charcoal drawings on canvas.

The Senior Costume Party will be held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of March 1st. "Ken" Reed's orchestra will be there. Prizes will be awarded for the most artistic costumes, the most original and the funni-

est Subscription rates are \$1.50 a couple and \$1.00 for a single ticket.

1926

Did you know that the Freshies are going to have a dance? No! Well, they are, and at the last class meeting a committee of about a dozen members, with Fred O'Hara as chairman, was appointed to start in right away working for it.

"RESERVE FRIDAY APRIL 6th."

Fifty members were present at this class meeting and considerable business was attended to. The subjects of class colors, emblems, and banners were discussed and committees appointed to carry out plans for providing these.

Certain members of the Freshman class who attended the sleigh party a few weeks ago, recently went out to the home of Miss Dorothy White on Thursday, February fifteenth. They had a great time.

1925

Due to lack of space, many good articles have been crowded out of this issue. The Artgum hopes to publish them next month.

## THE SOPHOMORE DANCE

Was there ever a bigger success, a more perfect party than the Valentine Dance? The music, the lights, the decorations, everything lent charm to the affair. The faculty, in the persons of Mr. Farnum, Mrs. Whittet, Miss Damrell, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray, together with representatives from all four classes and a group of outside friends pronounced the dance a thorough success.





He thinks that the Freshman this year haven't left him much to say.

He says the Sophomores are a close second.

He knows that Fred Robinson's "Teddy Bears" are right there.

He surmises that the new dormitory would have proved useful on the night of the first annual '26.

He heard that Mrs Whittet denies she spoke for 45 minutes. It didn't seem that long to him anyway.

He suggests that someone start a club to help sew up the girl's sleeves.

He remembers that "All's fair in love and war."

He has noticed that some people don't.

He has found out that the "Japanese Tea Garden" was a howling success until the chairs entered.

He would like to know what was in Oh! Henry's locker?

He wonders at what Sunday School Ken learned the new barnyard dance.

He observed that armlets were lower, especially baby blue.

He thought he knew what "staccato" meant.

He thinks that was Ken's last match.

He says he had six glasses of punch.

He knows the number was nearer ten.

He finds that the "Shiek" is very popular among the fair sex of this school.

He thinks that Lee makes a better looking girl.

He saw that the Girl's Athletic Club meets in the Antique Room but they don't seem to belong to the collection.

### PUNCTUALITY

Mr. Ray, until recently, was the only teacher here that forced us to be punctual. Being a second late for his class meant being shut out. We made plans to be on time, and we were on time. The result was that we accomplished much more in instrumental drawing than we would have otherwise.

Punctuality is being checked up in all of the classes now. This seems almost cruel to some of us, but, as Shakespeare said:

"Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all."

Twenty or thirty minutes, and often longer, lost in getting to work every session, count up in four years' time.

We will appreciate this new system more later on than we do now.

All the world knows that Samuel Finley Breese Morse was the inventor of the telegraph. But how many people are there of the present generation who know that the first half of his life was devoted to painting, and that he was considered one of the most eminent artists of his time?

His invention of the telegraph was of such colossal and world-wide importance as to completely overshadow his brilliant success in the field of art. Few men have had careers as interesting as that of Morse.



## THE FRESHMEN ENTERTAIN

Fine characterizations, heart gripping moments of suspense, and weird attempt at lighting a cigarette featured the entertainment of January 26th. The Freshmen set out to give the rest of the school a good time, and they did. After a fine welcome by Elmer Hall, president of the yearlings, Fred Russell directed the highly successful entertainment.

Two short plays were given. The first, was a little play called "Trapped" in which "Ken" Morang was the leading man and Marion Clark the leading lady. The audience sat on the edge of their seats until "Ken" with perseverance and determination succeeded in lighting his obstinate cigarette.

The afterplay, a Pantomime starred "Looke" Novak as Herbert Vander-slice the villian. The plot thickened and thickened, hearts were broken and tables turned until finally Ralph Dayson (Fred Russell) won the heroine Evelyn DeVere (Edna Applebee). Blanche Hart was the reader.

Marion Atkins, Thelma Sundlie, Marion Small and Sam Alley took important parts in the dramas.

Between the plays, an Italian dance was given by Beatrice Paipert and Angelo Vinetti. The beautiful lighting effects helped in making this effective.

## ROBINSON'S TEDDY BEARS

Due to the work of several enterprising students we now have a fine dance orchestra. The five are Fred

Robinson, leader, piano, Loyal Faunce drum, Fred O'Hara, banjo, Kenneth Morang, saxophone, and Maurice Freedman, cornet.

This orchestra has shown its school spirit time and time again. They have given their services at several entertainments, and often play for dancing on Tuesdays and Fridays. If we get the chance lets help them out, in return.

## THE LOUVAIN LIBRARY

Who said that the Mass. Normal Art School could not come forward and do her bit?

During the two weeks that the Louvain Library Fund Campaign lasted,—collectors pockets jingled with half dollars and bulged with crackling bills. The call, "Have you paid your fifty cents yet?" echoed in hall and classrooms—and not only were the students busy—for the Faculty had made a record—100p.c. subscription—a gift of \$13.50. The Alumni also heard the call and answered with the sum of \$10.50. The amount received from the Student Body was \$106.50.

All of these generous contributions made it possible for us to send a check for \$130.50 in the name of the Massachusetts Normal Art School to the Louvain Fund, America's Gift to Belgium.

Good Work Everyone!

Mrs. Effie B. Whittit, Faculty Ch.  
Mr Arthur Ray, Alumni Ch.  
Miss Cecelia L. Hawley, Student Ch.

It is well for us to share our good fortune with those less fortunate than ourselves,—even to the distance of Louvain, Belgium. Let us not as a school,—crawl away into our shell to live—and—die—unseen and unheard





## ARTIST—A DEFINITION

Sometimes after students have discussed many unimportant subjects in a class room, one of them, by chance or through a desire to change the noise, will inquire from the group the meaning of the word art, just simply would like to know what the so commonly mis-used word, "artist" really means.

In most instances the replies will be similar, perhaps varying a little in the arrangement of words, but with ultimate meanings that weigh about the same. It is hard to define, to analyze this delicate word and eventually they drift to something more interesting and up to date.

I have read and heard various opinions by men who are well equipped to consider such subjects, of them all one has made an especially deep impression on me.

George Moore, the well known English critic, writes in his volume entitled "Modern Painting". "To the select few, the great artist is he who is most racy of his native soil; he who has persistantly cultivated his talent in one direction and in one direction only; he who has repeated himself most often; he who has lived upon himself most avidly. In art, eclecticism means loss of character and character is everything in art. I do not mean by character personal idiosyncrasies, I mean racial and territorial characteristics." And he continues, "A

national character can only be acquired by remaining at home and saturating ourselves in the spirit of our land until it oozes from our pens and pencils, in every slightest word and in every slightest touch".

Our lives should be one long sacrifice for this thing—national character.

This may convey to some of us a clearer impression than we already have. To continue further with the sacred subject, let us look at the works of men like Winslow Homer, Segantini, Manet, Corot Millet, Vermeer van Delph, Rembrandt, Velesquez, Goya and many others who have perpetuated on their canvasses, the ideals and traditions of the times in which they lived.

*Teekay.*

## THE LITERARY CLUB

Variety has been the keynote of the last few meetings of the Literary Club. On Jan. 8th Miss Brown gave one excellent resume on Robinson's "Mind in the making". On Jan. 15th, Miss Tice recited in a charming manner "The Forsaken Merman" by Matthew Arnold, and other readings.

The favorite poems which were brought to the meeting of Jan. 22d proved to be the most interesting and varied. The officers of the Literary Club for this year are Lucia Comins President. Dorothy Carleton, Vice-President, and Minnie Margolis, Sec.

### THE LOUVAIN LIBRARY

*Continued from page 6*

—but come out and do things. DO BIG THINGS—we can if we will. —Let us WILL TO DO IT—TO-GETHER.

Yours with the cry, "The Normal Art Forever."



### Who's Who?

1925—She is not tall, nor is she too short, but her slenderness adds to her inches and gives her at times a demure dignity. Her hair is light brown with a quick wave in it, and has a habit of shading into a faint halo when she stands before the window. Her nose curves slightly in, rather than being straightly patrician and rounds softly at the end turning itself most joyously and sometimes most disdainfully upward. Her upper lip is short, adding to the piquancy of her profile. Her chin is rounding and perhaps a bit stubborn.

Do you know her?

"Have you ever been married," asked the judge. "Ye-e-es," stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"To a woman, your honor."

"Of course it was to a woman," shouted the judge, "did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, "my wife did!"

"How are you getting along with your piano lessons, Jimmie?"

"The piano part is easy enough, but the questions the teacher asks is sump-thin' awful."

"How many onions are there in a bushel, mom?"

"Why Jimmie, I never heard such talk! What's the idea?"

"The piano teacher asked me today, how many beets is in a measure?"

Have you ever heard Fred Russell?  
Is Marion Small?

Do you know where Lee Court and  
Sam Alley are?

What would we do if Anne D. Ide?  
Phyllis makes a better Dorr than a  
window.

Is Dot Frail?

Have you ever been to Elmer Hall?  
"Do you know Marion, lad?"

Do you suppose Evelyn Wood?  
Is Jack Alcott?

"Are you in earnest, Major?" asked  
the Colonel.

Mary Connolly

'Tis no task for suns to shine.

A poet is born, not made.

Helen Mills

If I chance to talk a little, forgive  
me.

Ralph Bruns

Happy am I; from care I'm free

Why aren't they all contented  
like me?

Bush

And mistress of herself—though  
China fall.

Nina Creed

A candid censor, a friend sincere.

Irene Kearns

With her whole heart's welcome  
in her smile.

Evelyn Ross

To love her is a liberal education.

Edna Applebee

If woman be there, there am I also.

Henry Hedges

The sweetest garland to the sweet-  
est maid.

Alice Davies

A merry heart maketh a cheerful  
countenance.

"Jinks" Carten

Her voice is ever soft, gentle and  
low, an excellent thing in woman.

Mary Tracy

Fickle as a changeful dream.  
Lee Court



## THE TARBELL EXHIBITION

A few remarks about the exhibition of pictures by Edmund C. Tarbell! Is it possible to make a few remarks? I doubt it! As for us, his contemporaries, who have known him for almost forty years, have known the ideals he has stood for, suffered for, we have a complex mental condition that is composed of a respect of the highest order and a love of the man in whose presence we delight. The world has not always appreciated him, and his early efforts were often misunderstood; but even then he stood for his principles and never deviated from the high ideal he had established in early life. His work in the school was most studious and the potentialities displayed indicated a talent of a high order. In early life his health was not of the best, but even under such circumstances he faced pain and discomfort bravely and sturdily pursued his high ideal. At the School of the Museum of Fine Arts can still be seen a drawing from the nude that has very beautiful quality. I should advise all students of art to make a pilgrimage there to see it.

In Paris Mr. Tarbell studied at the Academy Julien in the morning, and in the afternoon in a class taught by that celebrated artist, William Dannat. The latter painter, Mr. Tarbell has often remarked, was one of the best influences in his career. The whole tendency in both schools was an unflinching respect for truth, and besides this influence the work of that great searcher Degas exerted a most profound impression on Mr. Tarbell. This eternal endeavor to be true, vrai, as the French call it, has been the one quality that has made Mr. Tarbell the great teacher that he is. Not only that, but has added that one great quality that makes for

a master; the fine perception of facts which, presented logically, is bound to produce the eternal verities that all master works possess.

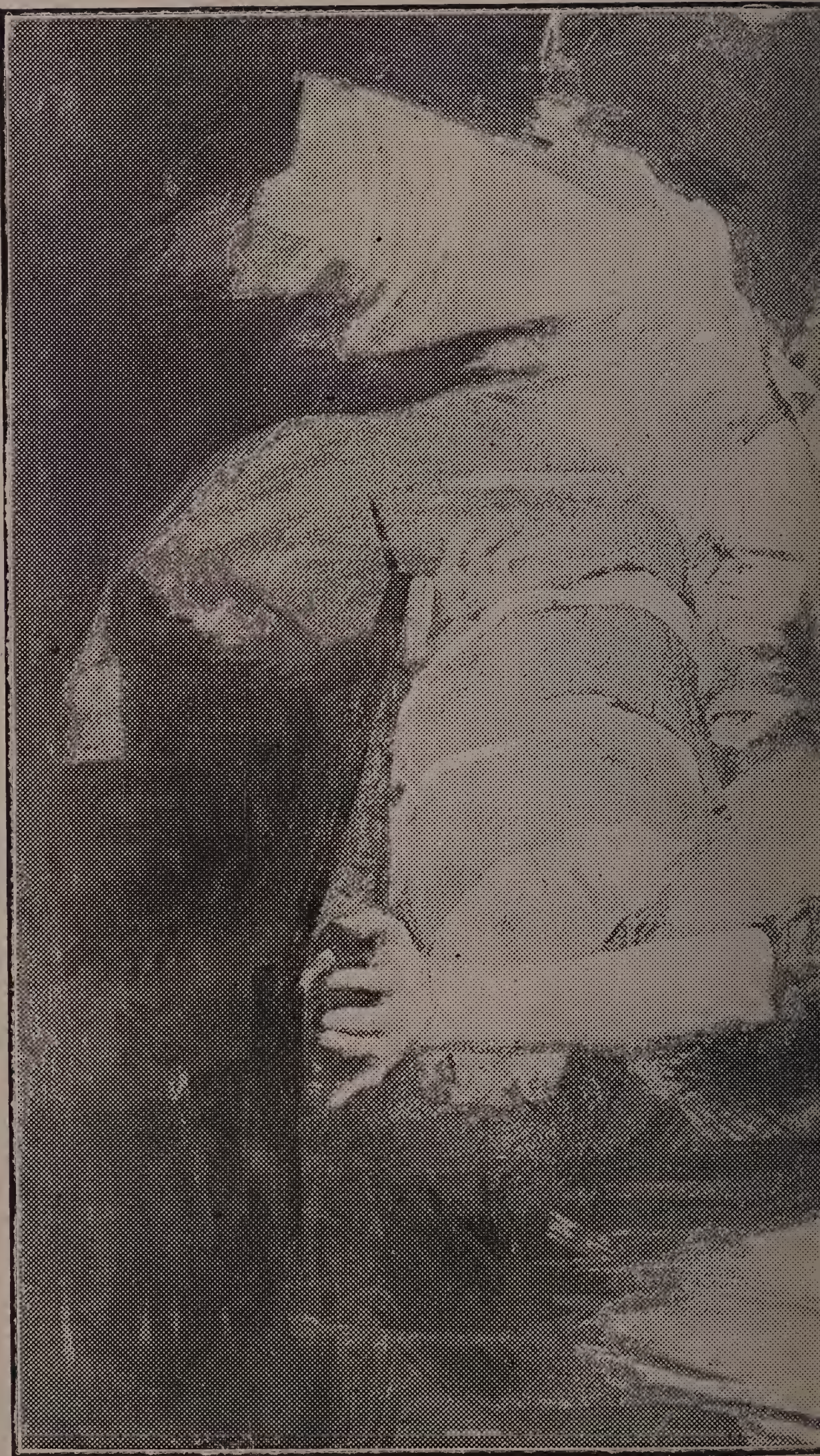
So when we see such an exhibition of the mature efforts of such a mind, as here shown, we find the bloom full blown, at least it seems hard to conceive of canvasses that might show nuances and perceptions keener than these. To a technique always adequate, often wonderfully dexterous, is allied a keenness of vision of the highest order. The whole show is permeated with a fastidious taste that indicates an aesthetic taste of the first order. Take, as an example, the design and the tones in the flower picture. Could the paint be used more beautifully than in the tones that represent flowers that are beginning to fade into the shadows? Here, as elsewhere, the "facture" is superb. Such tones will last because they are made by a mind that really sees and then paints with a force and surety that is convincing.

The portraits, as a whole, are wonderfully well characterized and truly deserve to be called portraits, not merely likenesses, as they are beautifully designed canvasses. The one of Mr. Parker shows the artist at his best. Here the art is carried to such a degree of perfection that one gets only an impression of a living personality. The painter has searched the shapes of features with a fidelity that should be emulated by every art student. When I admired this work, Mr. Tarbell replied, "Well, I liked him and I wanted to do a good one."

Both of the elderly ladies are fine conceptions, delightful color schemes, firm technique and the drawing most intimate, aye, tender and caressing, as fits the subjects. The canvasses of

*continued on page 12*





*Courtesy of The Boston Transcript*

Portraits by  
Edmund C. Tarbell



# The Two Sisters





## MY RED-BRICK VIEW

*By Isabelle L. Tice*

When I was first introduced to my surroundings in my present place of employment, I glanced out of the window at the red-brick wall next door, and thought, "How can anyone bear to sit near this spiritless view!" Now my seat has been changed, and I am next to that window. Gradually I have learned to love the scene, and to watch for the effect in different kinds of weather; and I derive great benefit from stealing a moment now and then to glance out.

On clear, windy mornings the solid red chimneys rise sharply against a bold blue sky; spurts of titful smoke go hurrying off; and the chimney-pots whizz gaily. In the bricked-up back yard bravely struggles a wash; while high in air, against vigorous white clouds exult birds on sweeping wings.

At noon the sun pours generously upon the mellow bricks. Pigeons strut above the gutter in undisputed sovereignty; and chat with one another peaceably. You would not recognize these benignant birds for those which at other times crouch, dreary and forlorn, under a drizzling rain. Their purple and green necklaces glisten as they ramble along their chosen promenade. The feathers of these denizens harmonize well with the gray of slate which slants downward to meet the red of brick.

There are two shades of the slate. Across the darker gray extend two strips of lighter, which contains considerable green; and in the gutter just below, this light green is again observable, mingled with the harsh brown of rust.

In the afternoon the sun glances on the bricks in mottled richness, and toward sunset delightful clouds pass

over the roof—clouds gold-tipped or shadowy. Then, when darkness envelops details, the whole—except a luminous window or two—is a dark blot outside my window; but the chimney-pots still revolve, now against a deepening sky.

*continued from page 9*

## THE TARBELL EXHIBITION

members of his family have beautiful quality, especially the young woman and the dog. Here we have tones that are imbued with the finest sensibilities; tones such as only the greatest virtuosi ever achieved, replete with a color sense and fraught with a delicacy that is almost unbelievable. One cannot help but rhapsodize before such masterpieces, so lyrical in expression.

So what is there, then, that can be said about such a canvas as the one that represents the painter's wife and daughter. Here the aesthetic sense is wedded to a technique that I do not believe has been excelled. God may have given other men eye-sight, but I do not believe that he has ever made another marriage of so many perfect qualities as in the case of Edmund Tarbell. Look at every inch of this picture: the wonderful floor; those beautiful windows; the tenderly rendered white woodwork; the chairs; then the beautiful tones that present the mother and daughter:—all these make for a harmonious result that is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of the world.

In our intoxication over these rare qualities enters only one suggestion of a deterrent, and that is that we shall have only two weeks to enjoy these wonderful creations of this son of Massachusetts.

*Ernest L. Major.*



Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy  
woman.

Marion Small

Describe me who can.

Charlotte Botham

The very pink of courtesy.

Chester Douglas

"O Nature's noblest gift"—my grey  
goose quill.

Ann Ide

With grave aspect he rose, and in  
his rising seemed a pillar of state.

Frank Applebee

On the light fantastic toe.

Milly Black

In him alone twas natural to please.

Joseph Heffernan

Men are but children of a larger  
growth.

Frank Johnson

Maidens like moths are ever caught  
by his glare.

Loyal Faunce

But to see her was to love her.

Frances Glennan

### POPULAR FICTION

Les Miserables *Mr. Ray's Class*

Innocents Abroad *The Freshman*

The Nameless Nobleman

*"Dick" Ellinger*

Robin Hood *Lionel Bush*

Patience *Mrs. Whittet*

Romeo and Juliet *Betts and Goetz*

The Three Musketeers *"Fitzy,"*

*"Scotty" and "Buck"*

*The Teacher's Class*

Hours in a Library *The Juniors*

Lorna Doone *Lorna Strong*

This Side of Paradise *Rockport*

Dangerous Days *Midyears*

Sharp Eyes *Mr. Wilder*

Essays in Idleness *Thelma Travers*

Our Mutual Friend *Mr. Farnum*

Tiny Tim *"Louie" Novak*

Sentimental Tommy *Walter Bennett*

Making the Best of a Bad Job

*The Faculty*

### HIGHLIGHTS

Don't you want to buy a bicycle to  
ride around your farm?" asked the  
hardware clerk as he wrapped up the  
nails. "They're cheap now. I can  
sell you a first-class one for \$35.

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," re-  
plied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk,  
"how foolish you would look riding  
around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the far-  
mer stoking his chin, "no more foolish,  
I guess, than I would milking a  
bicycle."

I am monarch of all I survey, my  
wright there is none to dispute.

Walter Buckley

All hope abandon, ye who enter here

Mr. Ray's Room

Arascally yea-forsooth villain!

Spencer Eaton

Then he will talk—Ye-Gods! how  
he will talk.

Dan McCarthy

Yet I argue on.

Leon Fowler

### Next of Kin

Her father—My daughter, sir  
sprang from a line of peers.

Her steady—Well, I jumped off  
the dock once.

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs Johnson.  
"The baby has just drank up the  
bottle of ink." "What shall we do?"

"Write with a lead pencil, I reck-  
on," replied Mr. George Johnson,  
yawning, "If there is one in the  
house."

Villain and he be many miles apart.

Carl Genthner

The sight of her is good for sore  
eyes.

Ruth Fitzgerald

## TO THOSE BEGINNERS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN OUT-OF-DOOR SKETCHING IN OILS

It has, at times, been my pleasure to tell of a few simple ways of equipping myself with material for out-door sketching in a rather inexpensive way.

I take the opportunity of recommending a particular sketch box, small in size, which will save one both trouble and money, qualities that are much sought after by new students.

The box I have in mind is the Darby Sketch Box, sold at Frost & Adams, coming in three sizes, allowing for a panel size 4 inches x 6 inches to 6 1-2 inches x 8 1-2 inches. One places his colors, from the tubes, in palette arrangement in the bottom half of the box and his panels in the other. The box is light and takes up little room.

Now then for the panels. These I always make myself. I have always been in a position to apply something disposed of a worthy purpose. All of us, at times, can go through the rag bag at home and find discarded pieces of cotton, or now and then a bit of linen but in most instances our find is not enough to make an ample supply of sketch panels. Another item is cardboard. Grey news board is a fairly cheap substance and I would recommend the use of it. Cotton duck or a similar textured cloth is the most suitable for the making of these small panels. It can be bought at Raymond's or, at a number of stores, on Commercial Street, as low as 12 cents per yard, usually 42 inches wide. This cut into strips a little wider than my panel and in length to meet the cardboard requirements. The cloth must be mounted on the cardboard and on one side saturated with paste or glue in order to hold it down.

When this has dried apply two coats of white lead (Carter's preferred) at intervals of four to five days. When dry, cut the mounted strips into the required size to fit the sketch box and go out to paint.

You will find it well to prepare these things as soon as possible so that when the pleasant hours arrive, you will be fully equipped.

Teekay

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1924

The Junior dance will come on the eighteenth of May this year. You cannot fail to have a good time; for with an excellent orchestra and the ever famous Junior decorations we guarantee a pleasant evening.

Pauline Goodrich has received an opportunity to again go "Kamping" this summer. She is to be a riding instructor in the Winneshewauka Girl's Camp at Lunenburg, Vermont.

Greta Clark is again to run her tea room this summer; so if you should be in Plymouth, Mass. you may find the Massasoit Tea Room at Cole's Hill.

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## THE ORCHESTRA

The M. N. A. S. Orchestra has recently enlarged its library by the acquisitions of the following compositions:

Gypsy Songs	Dvorak
Romance (from violin concerto II)	
	Wieniawski
Minuet (from G minor Symphony)	
	Mozart
Adagio Pathetique	Godard
Prelude to opera "Cyrano"	Damrosch
Angelus (from "Scenes Pittoresque")	
	Massenet



Not stepping o'er the bounds of  
modesty.

Alice Mulcahy

Here's to the girl who's good,

Not too good, for the good die  
young,

And goodness knows, we hate  
a dead one.

Emma Osgood

As good to be out of the world as  
out of fashion.

B. Bowery

The eloquence of eyes.

Chris Magunssen

## U. S. VETERANS' BUREAU LINOTYPE SCHOOL *KEEP SMILING*

O'Brien—Are you worsted in a fight?  
Laugh it off.

Waters—Does your work get into kinks?  
Laugh it off.

Bart—Don't make tragedy out of trifles,  
Don't shoot butterflies with a rifle.  
Laugh it off.

Troki—"Each morning if you'd rightly live,  
Name your foes, and then forgive,  
'Else don't get up at all."  
Laugh it off.

Arrone—The woman of today, with her  
free-swinging stride, youthful ap-  
pearance and tossing locks is a  
pleasure to behold.  
Laugh it off.

MacRoberts—If it's sanity your after,  
There is no recipe like laughter,  
Laugh it off.

M'lliken—If its the three-thirty Dudley car  
you're after, you're out of luck,  
Laugh it off.

## DAY DREAMS

We dream rather wistfully of what  
the future may hold for us, of what we  
are to accomplish, forgetting that to-  
day is the to-morrow of yesterday, that  
it is the long way ahead of the long  
ago, and that all our hopes of yester-  
day should be realized to-day.

Life is all a matter of moods and  
our happiness rests upon small circum-  
stances. Relativity is part of the fabric  
of the mind.

Work is enjoyable only when the  
aim of the worker is to attain perfect-  
ion in the task at hand.

Possibilities of development are  
bounded only by the strength of the  
desire for such development. Cultivate  
yourself.

An object, once pictured has found  
its place in history. A picture is the  
fleeting emotional reaction of an artist  
to a visual impression, so caught that it  
lives in the present although perhaps  
experienced long ago.

Searching, searching, searching for  
words to express the inexpressable—  
for power to capture elusive beauty—  
for something with which to hold on to  
life—such is the quest of the artist.

Anon. '25.

## THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

On February twenty-first, our  
school paid tribute to Washington,  
Lincoln, and our late instructor, Mr.  
DeCamp.

An introduction by Richard Bailey  
was followed by a fine address by our  
director. In an interesting manner,  
Mr. Farnum showed us the similarity  
in the characters of the three men.  
He emphasized the fact that they  
were workers; that each was simple  
and direct in speech; and that each  
was honest and gentle.

Many interesting details in the life  
of Mr. DeCamp were disclosed in a  
letter from Mr. Bartlett, who deeply  
regretted the passing of so fine a man.

The Orchestra and part of the  
Glee Club assisted in the impressive  
services.

## THE BUSINESS OF ART

*continued from page 1*

to do. We may be forced to look at the commercial end of the matter, and near to, at that. If you cannot get what you want, take something else. You will be gaining experience all the time on preparing yourself for something better.

Never permit yourself to get discouraged, and never worry. These things can not be of the least help, and they will unfit you for your fighting. Never carry your problems to bed. Lay them aside as you do your clothing, and assume them in the morning. **If you must think, sit up and think it out.** To get into the habit of using your sleeping hours to plan your campaigns is to deprive yourself of the strength which you need for the fight.

In your endeavor to get a position to teach, or in your efforts to dispose of your productions, you will be compelled to meet many people. I admonish you to appear cheerful. Never look as if you needed work. Hide any feeling about the matter which you may have. It will not help your cause in the least to demand sympathy. Business is not run on a charitable basis, and people will avoid you if you look pathetic.

Only a few days ago I saw a small boy of perhaps five years with one leg, hobbling along one of the crowded thoroughfares, cheerfully chatting to his equally small sister. And I saw four persons approach and voluntarily give him money. I feel sure that, had he solicited their aid with a long face and a tale of woe, he would have been refused. It is always a pleasure to help those who don't need it.

Always look prosperous. Dress as well as you can—yes, better than you can afford. Wear clean linen, if you

have to launder it yourself. Clean linen and well-polished shoes have much to do with success. When you have attained success, you can be less particular—if you choose.

A well-known and prosperous business man was on his way to his office one morning wearing a dingy hat. A friend met him and asked if he could not afford a better one. "Yes," he replied, "but I can afford to wear this one." What was true in this case is, however, not true in the case of those who still have their way to make. They cannot afford to wear shabby clothes, or to neglect any other of those essentials of appearance by which they will be judged. When their merits have been discovered, appearance will count for less.

One thing more I should like to suggest, and this applies particularly to those who are making designs or illustrations. Every one to whom you show your work will criticise it. They will give you their opinion of it. It is the prerogative of the prospective purchaser. Let him talk. It will not do you any harm, and it does him a lot of good. Besides, he is much more inclined to look upon you with favor when he has had his say. Above all, don't combat him.

Don't think that your work is hopeless because he criticises it. What he says is, after all, only his opinion, and he is human and likely to err. If his criticism is of real value, you will know it and act upon it; if it isn't, don't let it annoy you.

Don't make the criticism a personal matter. Some men would criticise John Sargent, E. A. Abbey, or the Angel Gabriel just as readily.

And, whatever you do, never show irritation. It cannot do your cause any good, and it may do a great deal

*continued on page 19*



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At the Sign of the Lions  
Up One Flight

*continued from page 16*

of harm.

You are in the world to succeed,  
and you will. Be brave, be cheerful,  
refuse to be defeated, and remember  
that success is not wholly the getting  
of money. If we are doing the thing  
we want to do, and at the same time,  
earning a competence, we are succeed-  
ing in the highest sense.

\*\*\*\*\*

Perseverance in a good cause is  
obstinacy in a bad one.

\*\*\*\*\*

Time destroys the speculation of  
man, but it confirms the judgement  
of nature.

\*\*\*\*\*

What a man is depends largely up-  
on what he does when he has nothing  
to do..

No man ever made a mistake by do-  
ing his duty.

The noblest motive is the public  
good.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

A story is told of an encounter be-  
tween Millais and an unappreciative  
Scotchman, who might have been one  
of the weavers in Mr. Barrie's town  
of Thrums. The painter was making  
a study for his well-known "Chill  
October" among the reeds on the  
banks of the Tay, near Perth, when a  
voice came from over his shoulder:—  
"Man, did ye never try photography?"  
"No, never," Millais replied.  
"It's a deal quicker," the voice con-  
tinued.  
"Ye—es, I suppose so," the painter ad-  
mitted.  
"And it's a deal liker the place."

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